

IT'S JUST A PLANT



a children's story about marijuana

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(the electric version of a paperback book)

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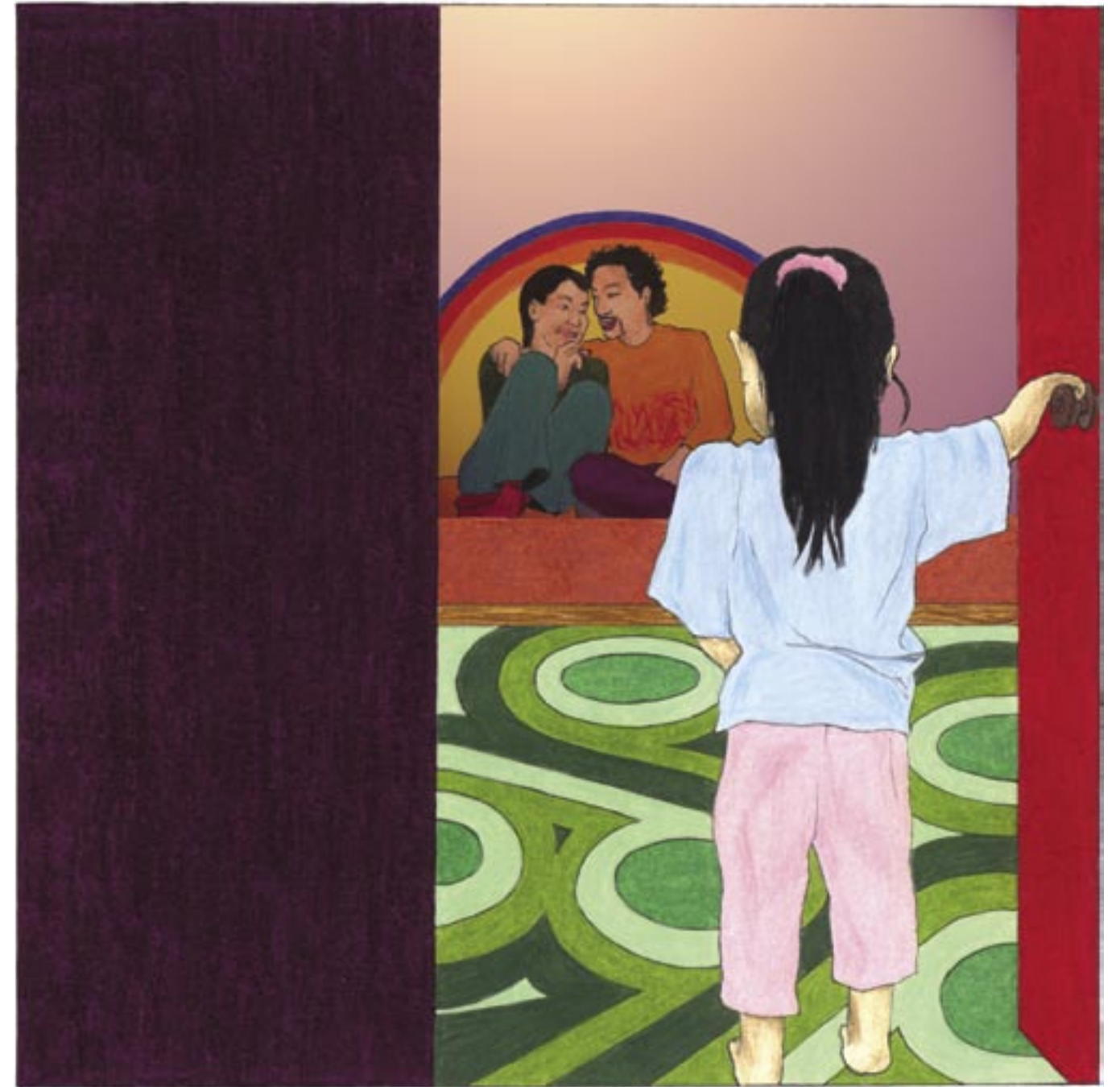
Jackie loved to go to sleep at night.

Before she got tucked in, her mother
would help her walk on her hands...
all the way to bed.



One night Jackie woke up past her bedtime.

She smelled something funny in the air,
so she walked down the hall
to her parents' bedroom.



“What’s that, Mommy?” asked Jackie.
“Are you and Daddy smoking a cigarette?”

“No, baby,” said her mother. “This is a *joint*.
It’s made of marijuana.”

“Mar-a-whahh?” asked Jackie, sleepily.

“Marijuana,” smiled her dad, “is a plant.”

“What kind of plant?”

“Well...” said her mom, “how about we go
on a bicycle ride tomorrow, and I will tell
you all about it. Okay?”

“Okay,” said Jackie.



The next day Jackie woke up early to get ready for her adventure, when she remembered...

It was Halloween!

After a big breakfast, Jackie and her mother put on costumes. Then the two of them hopped onto bicycles and began their journey.



Their first trip was to the farm where Jackie's mother got her vegetables.

"Farmer Bob?" she called out.

"Hi there," said the farmer, coming out from behind a corn patch. "Nice costumes!"

"I came to teach my daughter about marijuana," said Jackie's mom.

"You've come to the right place," answered Bob. "I've got some growing right now. Let's go look."



Farmer Bob walked Jackie and her mom through his garden, stopping to point out the different plants.

He grew many! There were avocados, with ruddy skins like an alligator. They also saw a cactus, figs, pumpkins and even mint growing by a strawberry patch. Mmm!

Finally he reached a pot with a sweet, skunky smell.

“This,” said Bob, “is a marijuana plant.”



“This plant lives all around the world,” he said.

“It can grow very, very tall with long green leaves. Or, it can be short, fuzzy and purple! Marijuana has been cultivated for thousands of years - just like fruits, beans and grains.”

“Is marijuana a fruit?” asked Jackie.

“You could say it is,” said Bob. “It grows flowers to make its seeds. I pick the seeds to make food and oils. Then I clip the flowers and dry them.”



“What do you do with the flowers?” asked Jackie.

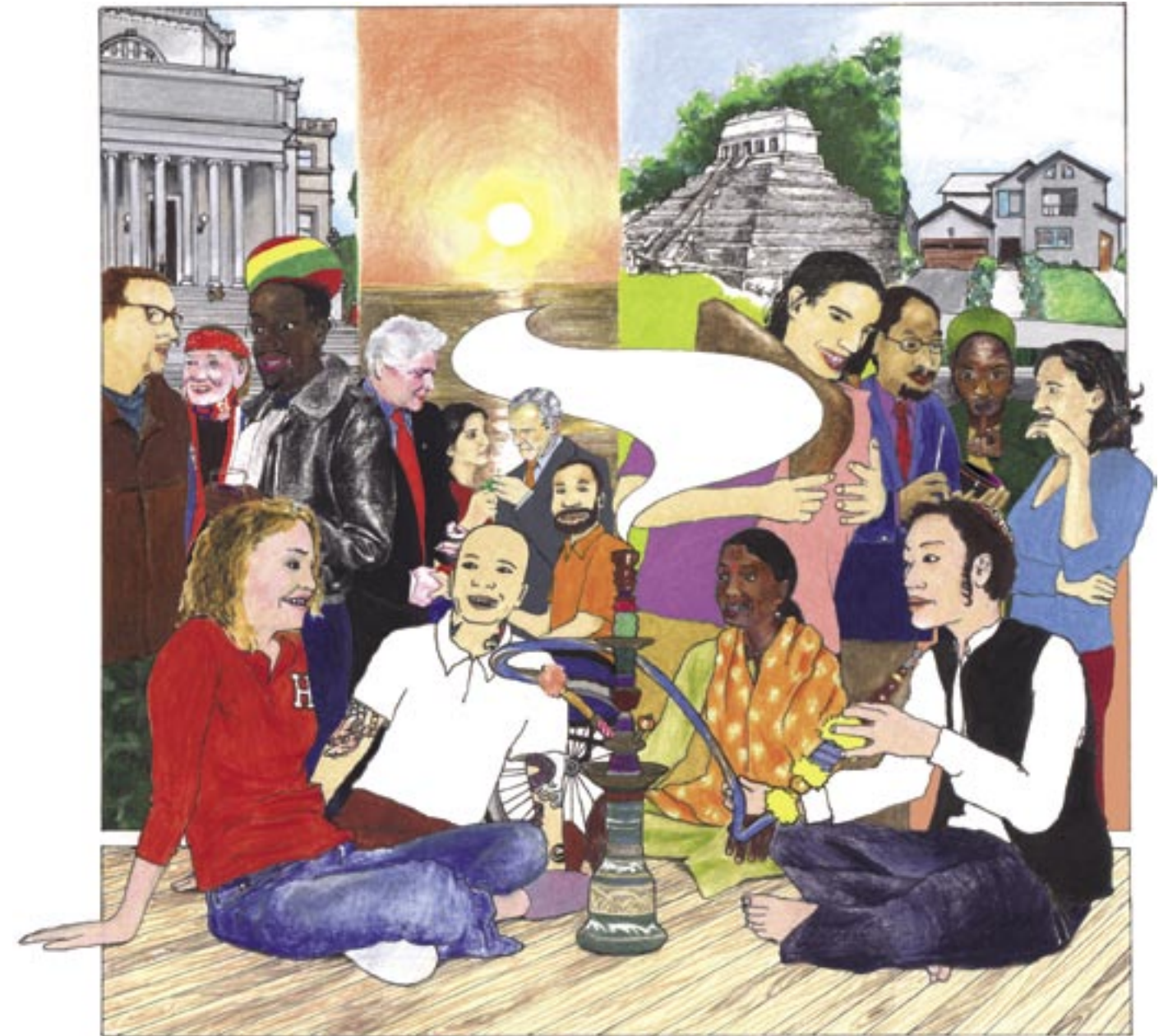
“My friends eat them,” said Bob, “and smoke ‘em.”

“They smoke flowers?!”

“Yep. Doctors, teachers, artists, actors, even mayors and presidents. Marijuana makes some people feel happy. Other people say it’s ‘dreamy.’”

“Why do you use it, Farmer Bob?” asked Jackie.

“I don’t,” he said. “It just puts me to sleep!”



“Wow,” said Jackie, after they left.

“I’m going to plant some marijuana at home!”

“We’ll talk about that later,” said her mom.

“Now we’re going to see my doctor, Dr. Eden.

I think she will have some more information for us.”



Dr. Eden had a very colorful office.

The receptionist told Jackie and her mother that they could come right in.



“Marijuana,” said Dr. Eden, “is used for many reasons. Like many plants, it can be a medicine or a drug. It can heal pain, it helps some people relax, and it calms the stomach and helps many others eat when they need to.”

“Will it help me if I use it?” asked Jackie.

“No,” said the doctor. “Marijuana is for adults who can use it responsibly. It gives some people joy, but like many things, it can be used too much. I don’t recommend it for everyone. It is a strong medicine - not healthy for you right now. I know you understand that there are some things that are okay for an adult, but definitely not for children.”



Jackie and her mother left Dr. Eden's office,
with her words and beautiful pictures
floating through their heads.

"Marijuana is for grown-ups," said Jackie's mom.
"Like driving a car or drinking a glass of wine.
You can make a choice to try it or not when
you are an adult."

Suddenly, Jackie stopped to sniff the air.

"I know that smell!" she said....



“YOU’RE SMOKING MARIJUANA!”
yelled out Jackie.

Four men on the corner, taken by surprise, started
laughing when they saw Jackie and her mother.

“Excuse me, Miss,” said one of the men,
“I call that *la la la*.”

“And I,” said another, “call it *ganja*.”

“I call it *cannabis sativa*,” said the third.

“Oh?” said the fourth. “I call it... reefers, muggles,
cheeba cheeba, sinsemilla, sweet leaf and weee-”



Before he could even finish, two police officers
drove up and told the men to turn around and
put their hands up against the wall!

Jackie looked at an officer and asked him,
“Mister, why are you arresting these people?”

“Young lady,” answered the policeman,
“These men were smoking what *I* call grass,
and that is against the law.”

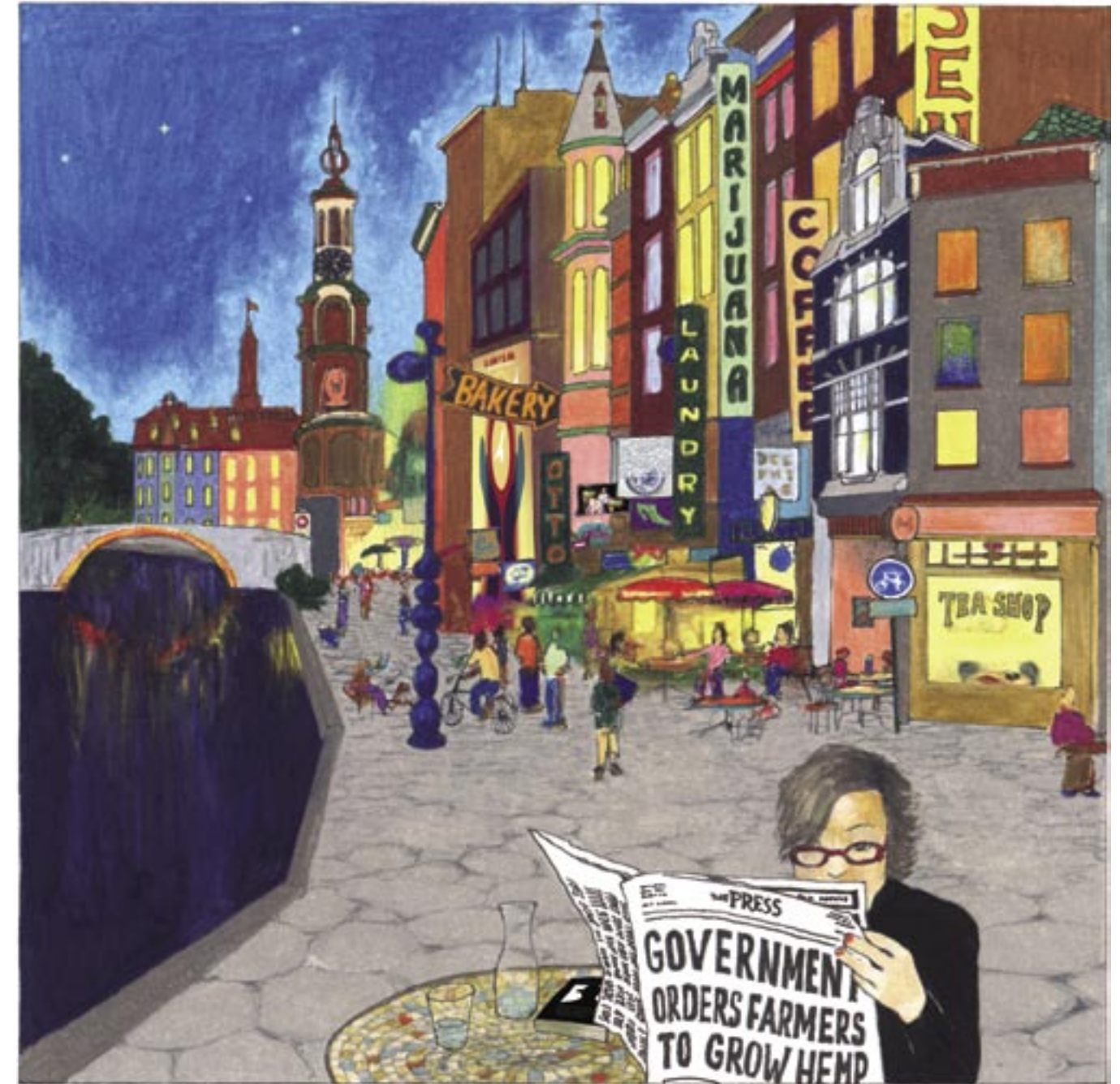
“Marijuana isn’t against the law!” said Jackie.

“Yes.. it is,” he said slowly. “Let me try to explain...”



“People were once allowed to smoke marijuana,” began the police officer.

“There was a time when the government even told farmers to grow it. Back then it was called *Hemp*. My grandfather grew it and made cloth from the plant’s stalk. Others made rope and paper from it. My grandmother once ran a café where she sold tea, toast and cakes made of homegrown grass.”



“One day, a small but powerful group decided to make a law against marijuana,” continued the officer.

“Our government started a war around the world to stop people from growing it. Marijuana became an *illegal* plant. Doctors tried to protest the new law, but the politicians and lawmakers did not listen.”

Jackie couldn't believe it!

“Mommy...” she said breathlessly, “is that all true?”



“It is true,” said Jackie’s mother.

“Any government can make a bad law,” she said.

“Luckily, we live in a country where people have always worked to change unfair laws.”

“That’s true, too,” said the officer. “Many police officers don’t agree with the law against marijuana. But our job is to enforce rules, not to change them. If you think a law is a mistake, then maybe you should work to fix it.”



“In the meantime,” said the second officer, “we’re going to let these men go, with a warning. But some other officers may not be so nice. So move along, please.”

“Thank you,” said the men, as they walked away.

“Thank you!” said Jackie.



That night, Jackie's family ate a dinner of squash, tomato salad, bread and macaroni.

For a treat, Jackie's mom added some of Farmer Bob's strawberries to their dessert.

"When I grow up," announced Jackie, "I am going to work to make all the laws fair."



After their meal, Jackie's father flew her like an airplane to bed.

"There are many ways to help make change," said her dad. "Maybe you will be a lawyer, or a scientist."

"Or a pilot!" said Jackie.



“Or a dancer,” she dreamed.

“Or a newspaper writer...
or a judge... or a gardener...
or a...”



The End

Thank you for reading!

If you would like to buy a paperback copy of **It's Just a Plant**, you can order the book for only **\$15**

Find the book, and more info about it, at:

www.justaplant.com

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Artist contributions: Jackie's father wears a shirt by Tillamook Cheddar. Farmer Bob has a fish in his garden by V.Court Johnson. The waiting room in Dr. Eden's office shows artwork by Futura, SMARCUS and Joshua Humphries. The men on the corner wear shirts by Taagen and Shemale Skateboards. The graffiti they lean on is by Toofly, over another piece by José Parlá. The Ocote Soul mural in front of the bakery is by Pete Neonakis. The painting in Jackie's kitchen is by Che Jen. The photo on the red wall is by Sara Press.



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